

THE WAR CRY

WE ARE
Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in every possible quarter, and anyone in authority is requested to furnish information. Address: MAJOR W. PEACOCK, Whitehead Manufacturing Company, 1000 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Officer, Soldier, and Friend are requested to furnish information concerning any case, answering name and number of same.

(142) MARY MRS. MARY ANN, for whom we have been unable to find a home. Supposed to be in Vancouver. New address unknown.

(143) STANLEY LUDWIG, Swiss, man.

(144) CAMPBELL J. MISS., French, age 42.

(145) MURRAY D. OF Port Gamble, Wash. Unnamed to the speaker of this service.

(146) JOHN WILLIAM, age 35, last heard from at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto.

(147) ERIC CHRISTINE, originally from Germany, now in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.

(148) RONALD WILSON, 18, 1227 Bloor Street, Toronto, has a friend in Victoria, or Port Huron, U.S.A.

(149) HENRY HOBSON, Hobson House, Winnipeg. Has been in Canada, and was recently in the U.S.A.

(150) STEVENSON, R.D.P., Newcastle, last heard of care of Sheldom Timber Company, 1000 Yonge Street, Toronto.

(151) LEONARD WILLIAM, age 21, last heard from in Canada, supposed to be in the U.S.A.

(152) SWEET, JOSEPH RICHARDSON, age 20. Was a member of the 1st Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, and was serving in the U.S.A.

(153) TAYLOR, WILLIAM, age 21, last heard from in Canada, supposed to be in the U.S.A.

(154) STANLEY, 16, disappeared from Brandon, Manitoba, last seen in Brandon, Manitoba, May 15, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 115 lbs. skin brown hair black eyes blue. Last address: Brandon, Manitoba, John Rees, 1000 Main Street, Brandon, Manitoba, 1915. Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rees, 1000 Main Street, Brandon, Manitoba, 1915. Mother and two other children.

(155) JONES, MATILDA, Age about 24, last heard from, North Bay, Ontario, Canada, name unknown. Late reported to be in Brandon, Manitoba, May 15, last seen to Canada in Feb. 1915.

(156) SAMUEL CHARLES ERNST, Wm. in Brandon, Manitoba, last seen in Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915.

(157) KARL OSCAR GÖTTSCHE, Sweden, age 20, last seen in Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915. Information to be had from Mr. and Mrs. Gustafsson, Vancouver, B.C.

(158) JOHN W. SCOTT, Brandon, Manitoba, last seen in Brandon, Port Arthur, Ontario, June 1915.

(159) JOHN R. NELSON, Norwegian, last heard of care of Nelson's Shoe Store, Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915.

(160) MURRAY, GORDON, English, age 20, last heard from in Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915. Also has been in Brandon, Manitoba.

(161) FREDERICK DENISON, Jones, last heard from in W.A., Port Williams, Alberta, September, 1915. Has been at Victoria, B.C., since April, 1915.

(162) MARY MRS. ADA, Supposed to be in Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915.

(163) INKES, MARGARET, Norwegian, last heard from at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto, Ontario, June 1915.

(164) FREDIE, E. H., English, age 21, last heard of in Brandon, Wartell for Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915.

(165) CHATHAM, MRS. CHATHAM, Supposed to be in Vancouver, B.C.

(166) MARY MRS. ALICE, Norwegian, last heard from care of Martin Johnson, Brandon, Manitoba, June 1915.

(167) HAAGENSEN, PRANTZ, alias HAL, Norwegian, has been at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and is now in the Y.M.C.A., Moose Jaw, as his address.

(168) PATRICK, WILLIAM HANLEY, English, age 20, last heard from in Port Hope, Ontario, Supposed to have come to Brandon, Manitoba.

(169) RUBY BLANCHE EVELYN CAINE, age 19, dark brown hair, grey eyes, Supposed to have come to Brandon, Manitoba.

CAMPAIGN SONGS

HALLELUJAH!

Tunes—"Calcutta," 164; "Guide Me, Great Jehovah," 165. S.-B., 50: Jesus give Thy Blood-washed Army Universal liberty;

Keep us fighting, waiting calmly

For a world-wide justice.

Hallelujah!

We shall have the victory.

They hast bound brave hearts together,

Clothed with the Spirit's might,

Made no warriors forever;

Sent us in the field to fight;

In the Army.

We will serve Thee day and night,

Neath Thy sceptre foes are bending,

And Thy name makes devils fly;

Christ's kingdoms Thou art rending.

And Thy blood doth sin destroy;

For the glory.

We will fight until we die.

Lift up valiant, east down mountains,

Make all evil natures good;

Wash the world in Calvary's Fount;

Send a great Salvation flood;

All the nations.

We shall win with Fire and Blood.

A HOME ON HIGH

Tunes—"Rocked in the Cradle," 14:

"Dear Jesus is the One," 5.

S. B., 298.

I've left the land of death and sin,

The road that many travel in,

And I ask you the reason why,

I'm going to seek a home on high.

Chorus

This world is not my home,

This world is not my home,

This world is not my resting place,

This world is not my home.

There are many ways I could go,

But they're not to weep or pray,

I dare not listen to them cry,

I seek a glorious home on high.

THE LAMB OF GOD

Tunes—"In evil long, 41; Oh, the Lamb," 55; Song Book, 45:

In evil long I took delight,

Unawed by shame or fear,

Till a new object met my sight,

And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,

In agony and blood,

Who fixed his dying eyes on me

As near the Cross I stood.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,

And plunged me in despair;

I saw the sins His Blood had spilt

And helped to nail Him there.

I second took He gave which said,

I freely all forgive;

This Blood is for thy ransom paid,

I die that thou mayest live.

—

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL TURNER

(Chief Secretary)

Brandon, Sat.-Mon., Dec. 13-14.

(Young People's Council)

Brigadier T. COOMBE, Asst.

Mon., Dec. 13-14; Asst. Major

Tues.-Wed., 16-17; Staff Officer

Sat.-Sun., Dec. 27-28; Regiments to

Thur., Dec. 29-Jan. 1.

Brigadier W. BAUGH (General Di-

rector) Asst. Colonel, Tues.-Mon.,

Dec. 13-14; Wynona, Tues.-Mon.,

Sat.-Sun., Dec. 27-28; Dauphin, Sat.-

Sun., Dec. 28-29; Dauphin, Sun.-

Mon., Dec. 29-Jan. 1.

Major Sims—Brandon, Sat.-Sun.,

Dec. 13-14; Young People's

Councils; Asst. Director, Tues.-

Wed., Dauphin, Wed., 17; Dauphin, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 27-28; Dauphin, Sun.-

Mon., Dec. 28-29; Dauphin, Sun.-

Mon., Dec. 29-Jan. 1.

Staff Captain Larson — Yorkton,

Mon., Dec. 13-14; Middle

Mont., Sat.-Sun., Dec. 27-28;

Saskatoon, Sat.-Mon., 27-29;

Regina, Wed.-Thur., 29-Jan. 1.

WESTERN CADETS

Some Interesting Facts Concerning

the Composition of the Present

Session

(Continued)

Mercy Aldridge has been a Sol-

dier for the last ten years. For 3

years she has been a Young Peo-

ple's worker and Songster for

a year was Corps Secretary for

Winnipeg VIII.

Snow Bird is out of Yester-

Corps. She was converted in 1913

and has been a Young People's

worker. Can speak Hebrew, play

the organ and a violin.

Johanna is out of Yester-

Corps. She was converted in 1913.

She is a Songster, a

Corporal Guard and Singer.

Leatrice is out of Yester-

Corps. She is a

Songster.

Eliza is out of Yester-

Corps. She is a

Songster.

Theresa Morris comes out of Red

Dover, Manitoba. She has been a

Junior Cadet, a

Songster and

can play the piano.

Eliza Morris is out of Yester-

Corps. She is a

Songster.

Catherine McLean was converted

in Glasgow, Scotland. Has been a

Soldier at Winnipeg Citadel. She

is a Songster.

Mary Russell was converted at

the Young People's Day held in Win-

nipeg. Has come up through the

Y.M.C.A. and Girl Scouts.

Adelene was born at a

Y.M.C.A. in Brandon, Manitoba.

Has been a Songster and

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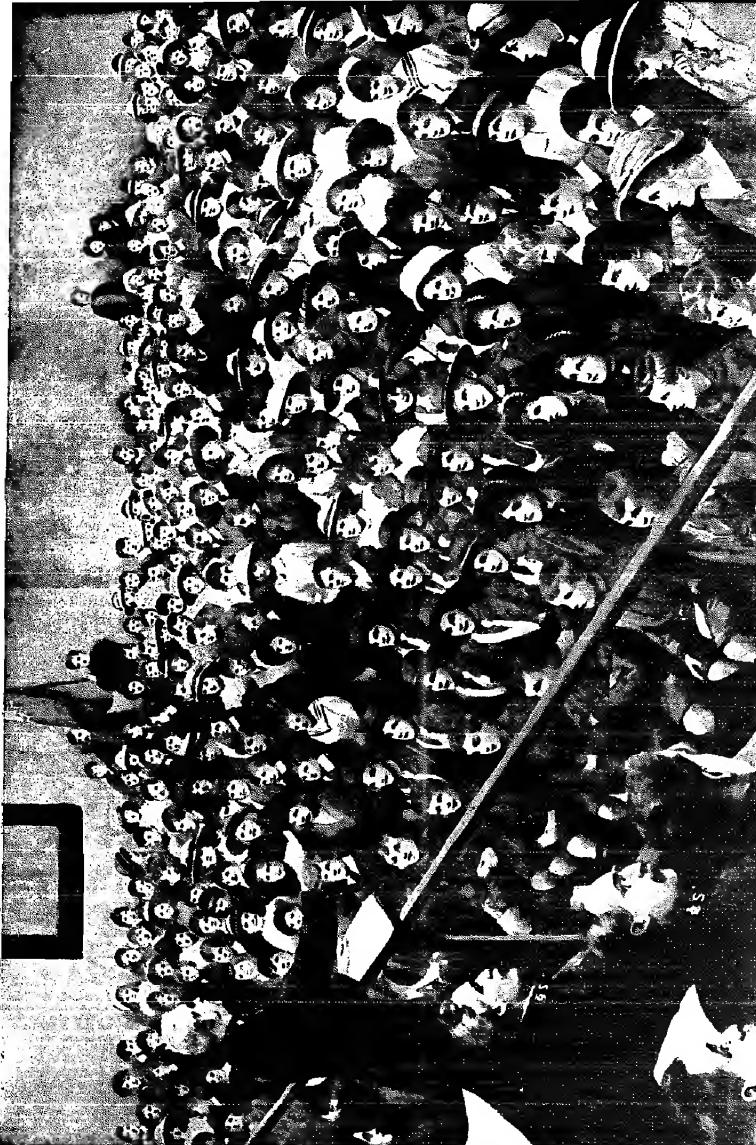
Songster and

can play the piano.

Adelene was born at a

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Blessed Jesus, lead our children
Lest we forget their parents,
Mere has conquer'd them all
Bring their jewels to thy feet!



The General with
the Young People

This is the third of the series of portraits by the Canadian artist, Mr. Wm. C. Grey, for the Canadian War Cry. By the Canadian War Cry is edited by the Army & Navy League of Canada, and is published monthly. It is a weekly magazine of news and views from the front, and is intended to keep the Canadian people informed of the progress of the war, and to stimulate interest in the cause of justice and freedom. It is also intended to help the Canadian people to understand the principles of democracy and to promote the welfare of the Canadian people.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

God loved the world so much that
He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ,
to save us all.

A CHRISTMAS QUERY

By the General

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem."—Matthew ii. 1. ". . . that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Ephesians iii. 17.

HERE is the soul, the very substance of our holy faith—that wondrous revelation and experience which we call Christianity. Jesus in Bethlehem—and Jesus in our hearts. Hallelujah!

We cannot too often remind ourselves, and one another, that Christ's religion is not a system of rules and laws, but something in us—a state of the heart. It is not a theory of things, but that theory never so wise or true—but a soul—a life. It is nothing more nor less than this—Jesus Christ in us—in our hearts by love and faith—to will and to do of His good pleasure. That, and that alone, makes a man a Christian.

Let there be no mistake about this. The man who does not know Christ by experience—who is not possessed by the same purpose as Christ—is out of it altogether! He may have no end of good qualities. He may observe any number of religious ceremonials. He may be ever so much believed in by those who know him. He may be able to enrich his life with all sorts of good deeds and high thoughts. But if he has not Jesus Christ dwelling in him—if he does not know in his own daily experience what it is to love and trust and obey Christ with the heart—well, he is none of His!

Well now, if He is to dwell in us, He must be born in us. And if He is born in us, the striking qualities of His Nature will appear in ours. That is another secret of Christianity. It is a union of life and spirit—our life and spirit united—mingled—mixed—with the Life and Spirit of Jesus, and His Life and Spirit united with ours.

Other systems of religion have asked for men's faith—but ours is more than believing. Other religions have demanded obedience—but ours is more than obeying God. Other religions have required worship and adoration—but ours is even more than worship. Ours is union with God. Being made of one mind with Christ—of one spirit and will with Him—of one heart with His.

But, I was saying, if He is to dwell in our hearts, He must be born into them and take possession of them with His own Nature. That will mean—

I.

We shall be sharers of the Divine Nature. The Divine life and strength will come to us. He is the Son of Man with power. That is the secret of bad people becoming good people. It is not by their striving and struggling to be good, but by God Himself, in Jesus Christ, coming in to them and making it just the thing to be good, instead of just the thing to be and feel and think and act bad—and more bad.

Oh, has Jesus been born in you after this fashion? Has He? Bethlehem was grand

—but there is nothing in Bethlehem for you—nothing—unless He is born in you also.

II.

Jesus was born to save. He came not only to lift us up but to bear us and with us, in our misery and guilt, and to show us how to deal with them. And so He wants to be born in us to the same end for others—to make us saviours like Himself. That is what the Salvationists mean by our beautiful motto, "SAVED TO SAVE!" Have you received Him like that?

Jesus came to Bethlehem Himself. He wanted to be near us. And now, born in you, He will shed abroad His love in your heart, kindling yours, and sending you out to the lost, to the broken and the sinning—to be near them in their condemnation and suffering—and to take them one by one and bring them to Him.

III.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem for Sacrifice. The shadow of the Cross lay right over the Manger. He was born to trouble. He was born to be the tremendous price—paid in blood and tears—of our freedom. He was born to die that we might live. Mary knew it—it the Wise Men knew it—Herod knew it. He knew it Himself. Yes! He dwelt all along in the consciousness of it. He said ". . . for this cause came I to this hour." Has He been born in us, and does He dwell in us like this? That is the real Jesus, the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief—sorrows and grief not for His own sin, but for our sin, for the sins of the whole world.

Can we say we know Him like this? Does He dwell with us? Does that love burn with our love—that love for the unwashed, the unworthy, the ungrateful? That is the love greater than the greatest love of man, which lays down its life for its friend—that is the love which lays down its life for its foe. Have you received it? Is He not only in Himself, compassion and sympathy and a spirit of sacrifice, but is He compassion and sympathy with the sinful and the spirit of sacrifice in you? Comrade! reader of "The War Cry"! that is my brief and simple question this Christmas-time.

One more word. This revelation of Jesus—the same Jesus—ought to be yours. We know it ought. You know it ought. And it can be yours. There is never an ought where there is not also a can! "I can do all things through Christ," so Paul said and believed and lived. So also can you say and believe and live.

Oh, my dear Salvationist! this is the great Gift—the great Necessity for you. Nothing less than this, to be Christ's—His very own—and to be Christ's by His conquering Spirit before the world.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

I came to Jesus as I was,
Wretched and poor, and wretched;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Bob McCarty, the son of a couple who settled on Vancouver Island many years ago, a contractor by trade, had a quiet life at Nanaimo, little town which the author has described in his previous chapters of our story have shown to be a typical Canadian town. In a striking manner, and without out to show, he entered the ranks of the Salvation Army, and a series of attacks upon his faith made by the Devil, discouraged him, and instead of continuing in those who could have helped him, and been his true friends, he gave up and started for the city of Victoria, where he got a job as a ticket agent, and all his money, and was put off a train at the then small way-side town of Esquimalt, and so began his life in the waterworks construction. The boom was over, and the men were idle, and the strains of "Return O Wanderer, Return" were heard from the mouths of the men. When a discussion on the merits of the Army arose in the gang one lunch-time, he told the others that he had been a member, but while he hesitated another man rose and said, "I think you should leave the Army," he said, "but I thought it was time to have a word."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARMY'S CHAMPION

"I DON'T know much about them," went on the speaker who had so strongly influenced himself, "but what do we know all about? What is to my mind, is something in their favor. Mind you, I don't have to give you this point out of my book, but I feel I should in justice to the concern that stood by me in my trouble."

The men, scanning something of more than ordinary interest, gathered closer to the speaker and waited expectantly for him to proceed.

The man's address betrayed breeding, and although he obviously did not belong to the aristocracy, it was apparent from his general language that he was from an entirely different class to his hearers. A fact they seemed to realize, and by this time all eyes were focused upon him.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE

"I might say first that I was such a 'beauty' at home in the Old Country, and had such a strong liking for 'the place that I share,' that my friends, including the other members of the gang, didn't think when I was a bit of a kid—that thought that a change of abroad scene would be beneficial to my particular case. Canada was on every man's lips, and Canada was selected as the land of my adoption."

"I well remember the day of my departure, and I had indeed freely, and was in such a condition that I did not dare to summon up enough courage to accompany my son and heir to the landing stage. An old college chum stood by me, and I had just called out to him, 'What a vessel! I had a fairly good 'swad' when I started, for Dad had been liberal, but during those sixteen wild days on the ocean, the last six being spent in the hold, and I landed in Montreal more than 'three sheets in the wind' and practically without a 'swad.'

"Without PATRONAGE

"It was the genuine ring about the question which touched me. There was sympathy without patronage, and even when I had to state, 'I am not fit to follow,' the Captain I wrote and told my father I did not have to be a 'swad' man, and we started home rather unsteadily.

MADE AN IMPRESSION

"As we passed under the first lamp I looked up and saw the emblem of my 'good Samaritan,' and saw on the cap the word his cap 'The Salvation Army.' That was my first experience of being right up close to the concern, but somehow I felt I was not quite right."

"We proceeded through the rain along some of the worst thoroughfares in the city, and arrived at what the Salvation Army called 'the worst place which was known as 'Up Bay,'" and at one time swined by him, and was a rendezvous for the very worst characters. It is now a Lodging-house principally patronized by seafaring men.

"The place was rough enough, and there was a tough-looking crowd seated in the general room. As we entered such ones as

feeling homesick. This caused a jump in Bob's throat, but he restrained his feelings with an effort, and stated that he was not feeling very well.

"I am not used to a bit rough up at the bunkhouse, ah! but you care, you're welcome to stay at my place. But my common people, you know, but my misery would find a corner, I am sure."

"Bob stopped short, and took him

that he would be only too pleased to change boarding-houses.

"Get your bag and come along to-night,

I will speak with Mrs. Brown, for the good she can do, although I do say it myself."

This Bob found was comfortably settled at the Brown's. The change was certainly a welcome one, after the usual happenings, disturbing and otherwise, of the past days.

The quietude of home-like air of the place was deeply appreciated by Bob. After supper he settled himself down to write home, and save money to defray the cost of his travelling expenses. And if he "wasn't" he was difficult to get him to commit to writing just what he wanted to say. After, however, destroying what he had written, he tried again, and at length got the communication he had thought fairly good shape. Then he addressed it to his Father and stated the contents. He had said nothing to his son, when he felt himself to be "a quiet, lone pin out of the house" he dropped the letter in a nearby post box, while his father (a simple soul) sat in deep dependency to come upon him.

MUST GO STRAIGHT ON

What would they think after pinning their faith to him? After many of the Salvation Army's efforts, and with the cost of his travelling past, he had to help returning, but found it necessary for him to write home for venus. He wished he had not paid the bill later. Then something about "pinning" led him thinking to it in it" came to his mind. "The fire of it caused him to shrink. Yes, he had to go straight on.

Mr. Brown, though a fairly good living man, was far from being religious, nevertheless he ruled no exception to his wife and son. He said, "My wife," he simply stated, half in jest and half in earnest, that he believed that she had "never equalled the two of them." There was no doubt that Mrs. Brown was a good Christian, and Bob, time and time again, felt led to confide in her, but never enough to open confidences to her.

It was only a single occasion that Mrs. Brown could get her husband to attend an Army meeting. This being the case, one can imagine her surprise when he did, and her desire to have him appear one evening that they both "Go down and see what was going on at the Army."

Bob was on the point of making an excuse, but his wife said, "The General is just commanding as they entered. There was a fine atmosphere, but they assure seats without any great difficulty."

Captain Booth, a tall, thin, bald-headed, bald-silvered, said in the course of her remarks, "You have driven Jesus from thy heart and home." Bob shook visibly, while his son, his companion, asked whether anything was wrong, but he replied in the negative. As the meeting

(Continued on Page 22)



"What is the matter?"



"The men gathered closer to the speaker and waited expectantly"

kept me from the base. It was his faith and confidence in me that kept me going; I must mention also that he prayed with, and for me.

"Now boy, he needed to have done this. There was nothing but love in his heart, and his observation since, this spirit of his animates all ranks in the Army, and is the spirit which is making the concern the success it is. It is a spirit of sacrifice, of course, there may be some exceptions, but they only prove the rule after all."

"Now, to finish up, I confess I should have been a better man if I had joined the Captain's God. But I put it off, but I continued to be a bad 'un, and am one today, I never sank quite so low, and I have been a better man since I joined the Army, and the Captain I wrote and told my father I did not need any financial assistance from him. Since then I have worked, and all kinds of things, and I think, I have earned it. So that's the sum total of what I did. It put a bit more backbone in me, but who knows, I may be found wearing a Blood-and-Fire garrison yet!"

MADE AN IMPRESSION

"The call of the boss summoning the men back to their labours broke up the gathering, and I saw on the cap he had his cap 'The Salvation Army.' That was my first experience of being right up close to the concern, but somehow I felt I was not quite right."

"We proceeded through the rain along some of the worst thoroughfares in the city, and arrived at what the Salvation Army called 'the worst place which was known as 'Up Bay,'" and at one time swined by him, and was a rendezvous for the very worst characters. It is now a Lodging-house principally patronized by seafaring men.

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"That man fed me!"

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

I looked to Jesus and I found
An ever living Star, my Sure Guide.
And when I travel on the dark road,
Till travelling days are done.



(From a recent photo by Master, Croydon, Eng.)

**Mrs. General Booth,
British Commissioner**

Mrs. Booth, it will be known, is an ardent champion of women's right to active service in the Army. She gave up a practical and political nature of her view of women's position in the Salvation Army, by assuming, at the direction of the General, the position of British Commissioner.

She remained until the death of the Army's Founder in 1912. During the present year she gave up a practical and political nature of her view of women's position in the Salvation Army, by assuming, at the direction of the General, the position of British Commissioner.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

By Jack in Christ I made, dear me,
It is poor day, why, why delay?
The blood now waits me away.

THE JOY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK :

The front page of this Christmas "War Cry" was occupied with pictures and articles dealing with the Young People's Work of the Navvies. It should not have been so. The subject of the Navvies' particular needs, because the importance, variety and interest of this branch of work, and its ramifications, affects upon the present and future all such particularities concerning the work at representative Corps of East and West, we would point out that the great need is workers, and to urge that no Salvationist, young or old, should be allowed to go to the Navvies without specially for the Young People, should allow the New Year to come in without placing himself or herself at the disposal of their Officer for work in this branch.

Young People's Work in the Navvies is a new feature. In conjunction with this article, will assist readers to form in their minds some idea of the extent of the opportunity and the immense promises there is in the Young People's Work.

First, we give some interesting sketches and thoughts provoking particulars from Calgary.

It is easy to forget the child's importance and possibilities. Why, bless you, in that Primary Class in your Junior Company Meeting at this moment there may sit a future world leader! Lloyd George, a John Ward, a Henry Ford, a Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Nightingale, a Catherine Booth. Yes, it's easy to minimize the child's importance. Just because it has to start at A B C, is no reason why it should not forever fix its entry into maturity, developing just a little ahead, as fully equipped as ourselves.

HELPED TO FIND THE BEST

Herein is the joy of Young People's Work. That young lives may be safely guided past the mistakes we have made, and helped to the best there is; which means to live more happily, and longer years of life. And as you know, sin shortens life, and lengthens trouble. Alcohol or wrong living takes ten years from life; tobacco, five; cigarettes are deadly. And every other sin, without exception, takes its heavy toll in days and years. In this connection, the most important thing is the Young People's Work. It should have our best guiding and teaching talent, comrades with "foys" for the young, and tact in interesting them in the story of Salvation.

Young People's Work is not limited to babies with wings; neither children with a face four feet six inches long. And don't forget that boys and girls have bodies and minds as well as souls; therefore, mix the two; right religion, right education, right work.

Just where the material leaves off, or blends into the actual Sunday work of the Juniors, I am not prepared to say, but there is a rare link. Take the Primary Class, for instance. A boy who might otherwise could get him near the Young Folks, and the Band they did the rest. Now you could see him in the Young People's League, of social and other interest to all Young People of fifteen or over.

* * *

Since you have honoured Calgary 1, with part of this page for the Christmas "War Cry," we would like to know if the Young People's Work, it may interest you to know that, while not the largest Company Master in the West, we are well equipped and doing effective work, from Cradle Roll to Gosp. Biblio. Class. Under the Class work, there are:



Some of the raw material from which DeVoscourt's One Troop of Life-Saving Scouts is being made. Leader Johnson expects to have two hundred in uniform before the Christmas "War Cry" is in circulation. If he does we will give them a full-page picture in our Eastern Special Number.

(1) The Boys' Band, which during the war graduated into the Royal Canadian Navy. Norman Buckley, Bob Laule, Charlie Stunnell, Willie Garforth, Willi Cromerty, and others. It is about to be re-organized under Bandsman Ernis Bloomfield.

(2) The Young People's League, which, under Captain Commander Thomas, gives excellent service. (3) The Senior Scouts, who are being entrusted to Sister Jean Montgomery, and good success is expected.

(4) The Children's Home League, which engages in much Young People's Work, the Children, etc.

The Young People's Work is an inspiring movement, those taking part in it being Junior Workers, Cards Cadets, and converted Young People. There is also a regular Sunday morning Junior Class, and a Girls' Class at Calvary 1.

"The War Cry" wishes its copy in advance, so that when it comes to figure it is necessary to give this for a Sunday in August, a hot-weather month. They are arranging, 1000 attendance, including 500 open-air attendance, 120 Sunday morning meetings.

The 2000 men of Calgary's Young People's Corps may be better glorified than the Navvies, recorded, than the 1000 local men at the Young People's Company, and many in the meetings during the year.

The Candidates sent to the Training College in 1918

Records from East and West Which Show How Great a Field of Promise Are Our Junior Corps :: ::

were 1000 men, and the 1000 men of the Navvies.

It is interesting to note from a chart that hangs in the hall of the Adjutant, in accordance during the past twenty years. In 1908 there were 1000 men on the rolls in 1909 one hundred and ninety-two, and in 1910 three hundred and eighty-five. In addition to the regular corps, there are an Outpost at Brainerd under the direction of Young People's Sergeant Major Lagged, with an average attendance of fifty Sunday. Brewntown, another Outpost, opened by Young People's Sergeant Major Grunau, is now known as Peterborough Corps, and the Young People's Work was in process here when the Corps was formed.

MEETINGS FOR INDIANS

The Adjutant, Dunton, who is ever alert for making advances, runs a Young People's Meeting at Hawrelak. This place is on the border of Rice Lake, and in it the Indian people meet. The meetings are held in a disused church, and five Companies, chiefly Indians, operate every Sunday. The Adjutant suggested to Chief Crowfoot that the Salvation Army open a Sunday School, and with the help of the Indians, the idea, but volunteered to pay the expenses of the course, came from Peterborough weekly to conduct the meetings. A Salvation Meeting is held here for the public after the Young People's meetings.

But even now we have not reached the limit of Salvation Army endeavours among the younger generation of Peterborough, as Sister Mrs. Bates has a Company of Girls, and Misses, and Misses' Club, and recently a Chinese boy, hearing of this, an immigrant, Mrs. Bates, fell on his knees and said, "Please take me home!" The success of this Company, said Adjutant Dunton, may be accounted largely through the sale of the Chinese "War Cry."

During the summer months a Young People's Corps was established at Draytonport on the Otonabee River, with headquarters at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter, who invited the summer for a holiday. The attendance for eight Sundays this year was seven hundred and forty-nine, and the collections, sixty-four dollars, paid for the Young People's supplies of the entire Young People's Corps.

In addition to all the aforementioned, Sergeant Major Grunau informed us that a thriving Young People's Work was going on at East City, another addition to the list of stations adding to others claiming the building the work had to date.

It will be gathered from the above that the Salvation Army International Company, based on being taught to the Indian children, is a great success. The Indian children are to their respective Companies, the Company Guards mark the regulars, take their uniforms, and the non-regulars, including mothers, in small bags, each bag bearing the number of the Company on the outside, the regulars on the inside. The Indian children are placed on the Company Guards' desks and the lesson is started. The Sergeant Major, with the aid of the Indian children and money bags, take them to a large, flat-topped desk, around which are seated the various Young People's Leaders.

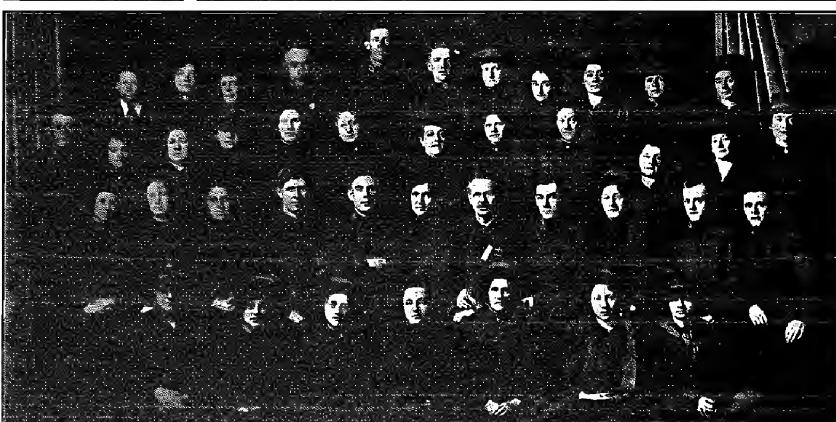
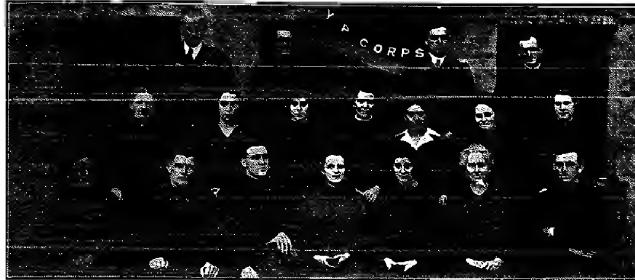
Two immediately count the company book, crediting each Company with their own total, while others do the same, and the Indian children are seated in the rear.

The Indian Department is in two special rooms and each is working splendidly. A noticeable feature is the Birthday Chair. This is painted white, and any Indian child having a birthday during the week sits in it. The Young People's Library is up to date in every way, among the books we have yet seen. It contains over seven hundred books.

Every Sunday we send to the boys and girls in the Indian Department, the Christian Advocate, and the Young People's Local Officers of Calgary 1. In neither case is the muster complete. In the letter there being over twenty who were not present, we are reported. "There are very bright reports on the Berlin Roll of comrades who have joined the Young People's Corps."

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Oh that the world would take and see
The riches of love that compass me
With a boundless embrace



Representatives of the Young People's Work

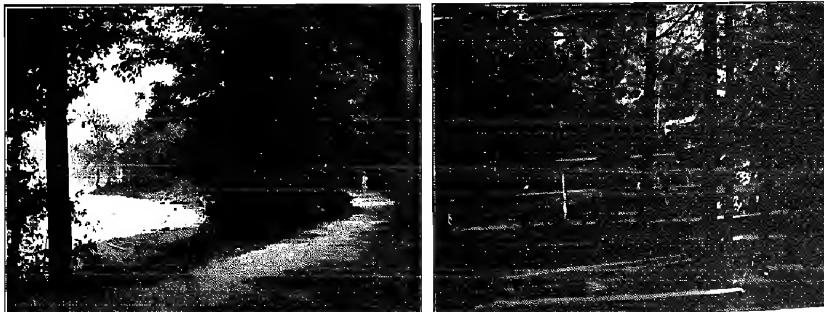
The portraits are of Brigadier Barr (left), Territorial Young People's Secretary for Canada East, and Major Sims (right), who holds this position in Canada West. The next two photographs are of the Young People's Local Officers of Calgary 1. and Peterborough 1. In neither case is the muster complete. In the letter there being over twenty who were not present, we are reported. "There are very bright reports on the Berlin Roll of comrades who have joined the Young People's Corps." -Barr

and Mrs. Staff-Captain White in that of the second Adjutant and Mrs. Buntion and Young People's Sergeant-Major Grunau.

The centre of the page is a part of the Winnipeg Citadel Young People's Corps. From a photo taken at a plinth. In the centre of this are Staff-Captain and Mrs. Merritt and Com-Territorial Headquarters, etc., as Sergeant-Major of this promising Corps.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

In my right hand, If Thou appear,
My Right Hand, My Right Morning Star,
These are my sons; And These are my Right Son.



Our Fresh - Air Camp on :: :: Lake Simcoe ::

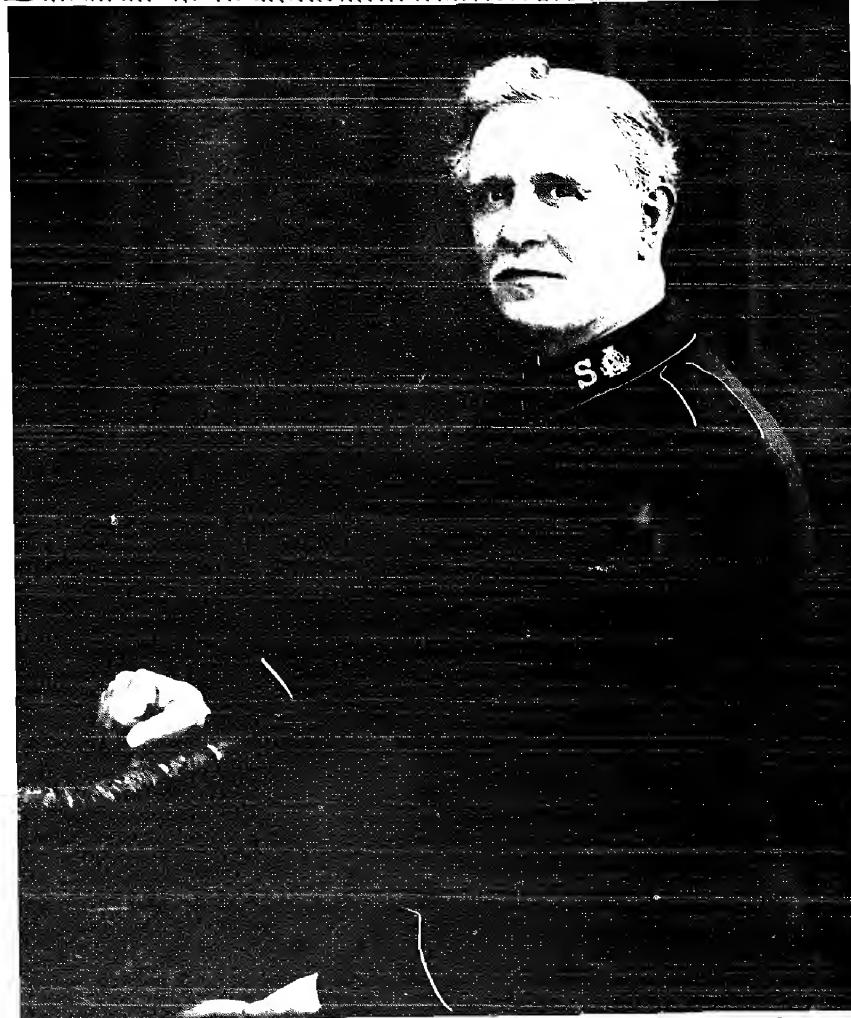
(1) Main Buildings from the Lakeshore Road; (2) "Munro's"! Four parties of mothers and children similar to this were soon given a two-weeks' stay at the Camp; (3) Shady woods and sunny beaches make the district delightful; (4) Under the oaks—a corner of "The Grove."

[War Cry Photos]

the Camp "cathedral!" These pictures will give friends who contribute to the Fresh-Air Fund some idea of the healthful holiday their donations provide, through the agency of the Salvation Army, for needy city children when the sweltering heat of summer is here.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

The morning breakers around me thine
With beams of sacred light,
For I am thine, and thou art mine,
And whereso I am thine.

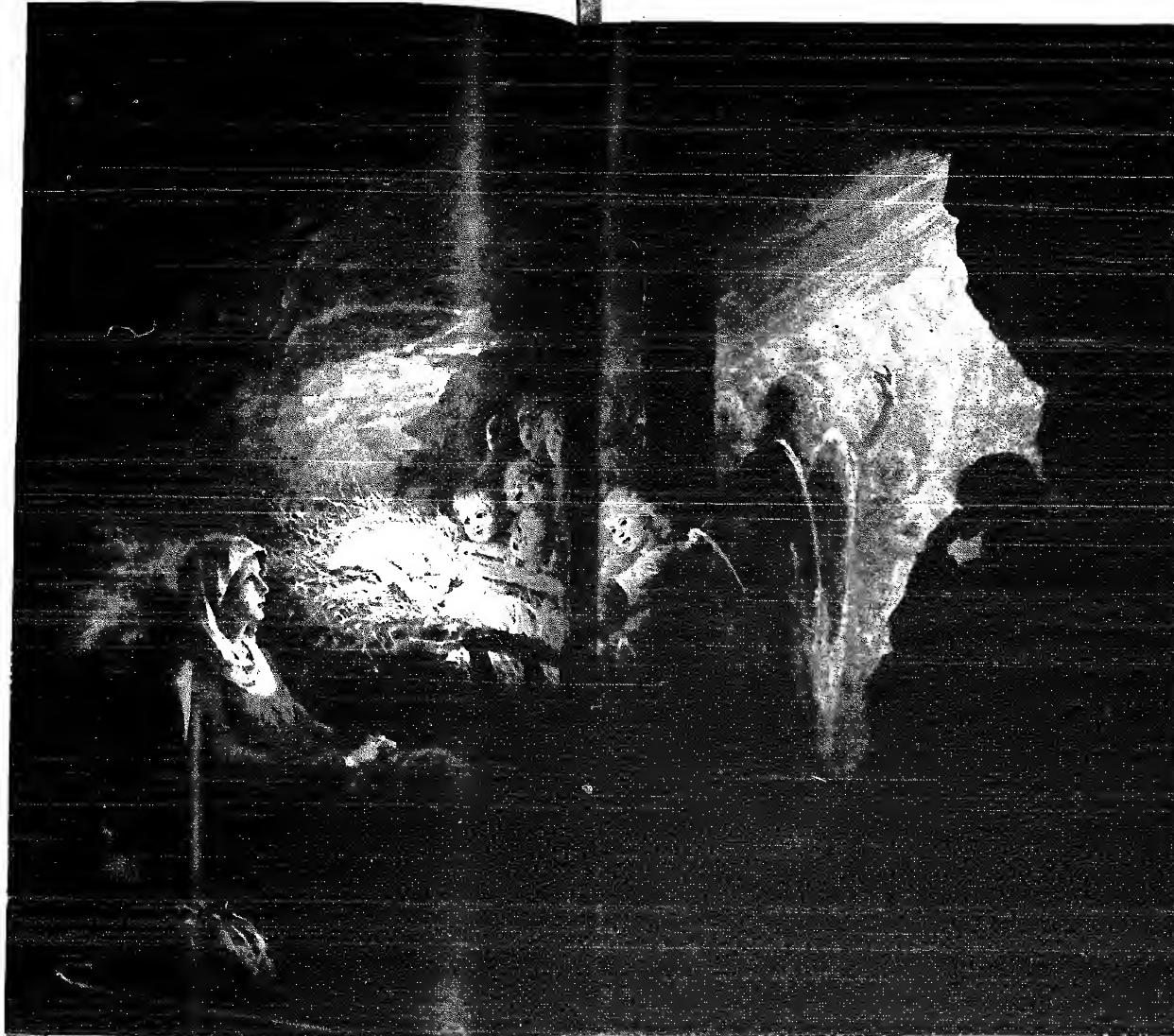


[Photo by Hester, London, Eng.]

The Chief of the Staff :: ::

Commissioner Edward J. Higgins has not only himself attained a position of high rank and great usefulness in the Salvation Army, but is the son of a Commissioner, whose memory is greatly revered. His own Officership dates back to 1882. His service abroad—he was at one time Chief Secretary for the United States

Territory—as well as his extensive travels his association with the Foreign Office, and his long experience in various branches of Salvation Army warfare, have added to his natural ability a fine equipment for his present position, to which he was called by the General in the Spring of the present year.



AROUND the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

The Ministration of the Children

This beautiful picture shows the Saviour thronged with child-angels. It can we not well imagine with the ardor of the Infant sacred to the Saviour in His agency in Gethsemane, who had been assailed by the

world? Anyway, the children were very dear to His heart in the days of His ministry, and if this picture helps us to feel more of the tenderness towards the little ones that He so earnestly strove to inculcate, it will have served a worthy purpose. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," he said, "and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Copyright

IN FLOWING robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins & griefs to bear!
What a privilege to trust in Jesus
Everything to God in prayer!



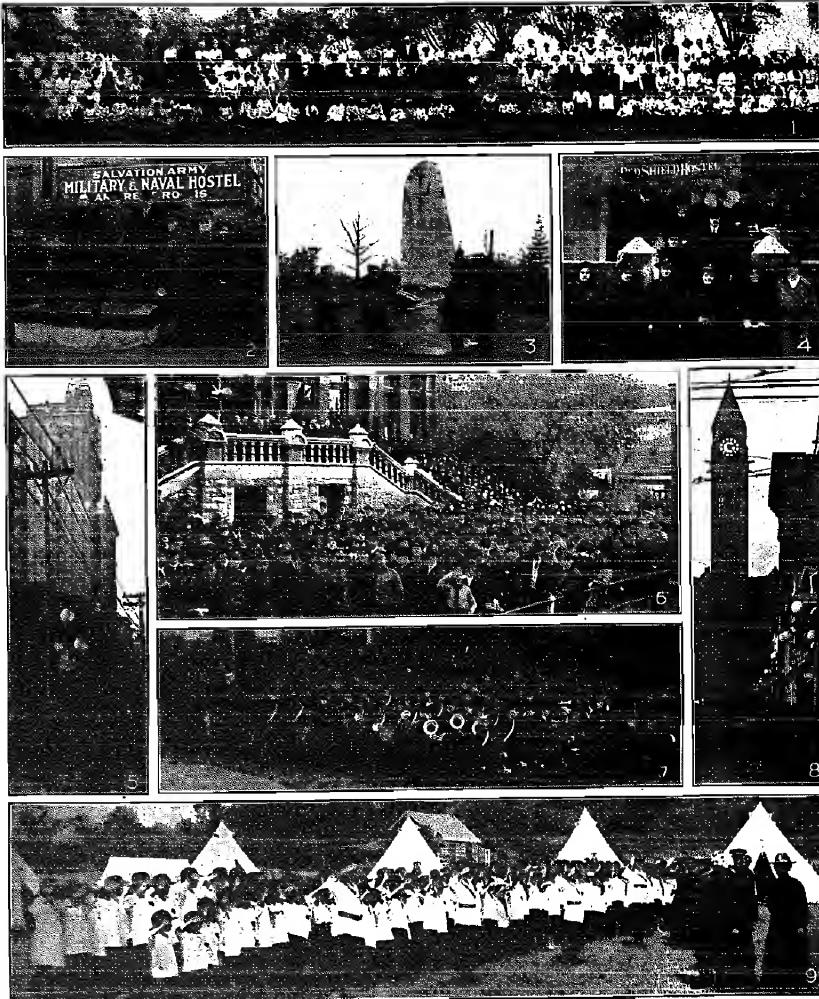
We smile at the childish trust of the fair-haired little girl who takes her broken "I-abo" to the sheltered blacksmith for mending. Has anyone a broken heart? The smith is an unruly soul who would do anything he could for the little

Can 'oo Mend My Dolly?

Copyright, S. Hildebrandt & Co., London, Eng.
white, but too often we who ought to know better take our broken hearts and lives for granted where they will only be mended and torn afresh. There is only One who can do good to a stricken soul. To all who need His help He says, "Come!"

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not trust in
Everything in God in prayer!



Some of the Year's Events Recalled

(1) Toronto Training College Division Home League Picnic presided over by Mrs. Commissioner Richards; (2) Opening of Vancouver Hostel; (3) Commissioner Howard laying a memorial wreath on the "Empress" Monument, Mount Pleasant; (4) An Opening of Halifax Hostel; (5 and 6) Reminders of the way in which the Salvation Army Red Shield Cam-

paign held the heart of Toronto; (8) Launching of Winnipeg Drive on the City Hall steps; (7) Welcome Home to Returning Soldiers at North Toronto Station, one of the many occasions in which Salvation Army Bands have joined in giving hearty greeting to heroes from overseas; (9) Life-Saving Guards salute Commissioner Richards at Jackson's Point Camp.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be free! Stand up,
And let your sins no longer bind you;
For God bids bid all men free!



The Cradle Roll— Our Coming Army

On this page there are between four and five hundred portraits of sturdy, well-built youngsters who are representative of thousands of others whose names are on the Cradle Rolls of our Young People's Corps throughout Canada.

The organization of the Salvation Army Junior Work provides for the Young People from the Cradle Roll till they pass into the Senior Corps,

and workers are everywhere wanted to put it into full effect. Are you doing your part?

Interest are particularly Mrs. Daniel Richards and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Green (Adjutant and Mrs. Daniel Richards) have been on furlough in Canada from South America, and Mrs. Brigadier Green, part of whose duty it is to take special interest in the Cradle Roll.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Say for me Lord on you I call.
The Devil's voice is all around me, sinner than I.
All things in Christ are ready now.

RISEN FROM THE RANKS ::

SOMEONE has said, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose," in the career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner, Canada West's Chief Secretary, we have an exemplification of this principle. After his initial promotion to the rank of full Captain, in August of last year, he had been endeavoring to secure un-to-date photos of the Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and some particulars of their career, for the War Cry. They are now known to us, and we include them in our Christmas Number.

The longer one is associated with the Colours (written H. D. C.) the more impressed one becomes with the reality of responsibility which attaches him to his post, and due out to the multitudinous duties which by virtue of his position, devolve upon him. In this connection one is reminded of a tribute paid him by Commandant Barker, early in 1918, when he reported, "said a shrewd theorist. This trait in his character, combined with the grace of God, is no doubt the key to his success as a Salvation Army Officer."

PRACTICALLY A CANADIAN

When six years old Colonel Turner was brought to Canada by his parents. Thus he is practically a Canadian, and he has, in every sense of the term, "risen from the ranks" to his present responsible position as Adjutant and Commander of the Army Forces in Western Canada.

When a lad, his parents resided in the suburbs of Toronto, where he was brought up reciting all sorts of literature, and was a most active athlete. Young Will Turner was diligent in his studies, but after the death of his mother, which occurred when he was about fourteen years of age, his boisterous nature led him off to the streets, and he became a tramp on his way to the world. His father had other plans for his boy, and took up land where they eventually settled. The breach widened between him and his father, and Will even-



Lieutenant Turner—1918

tually went to live with an aunt who resided in Toronto. This aunt had been ambitious for her nephew, for she was determined after a time to make him a doctor. His desire in this respect never materialized. One evening her husband, when he returned home, told her of the remarkable meetings that were being held by the Salvation Army. This was the first introduction to young Turner, that he left the house secretly and paid a visit to one of the meetings, which made a great impression upon him.

INTEREST AND EXCITEMENT

About a year afterwards he was converted in a Methodist Church, and joined the local corps of the Salvation Army. His Soldier days were full of interest and no little excitement, for at that time the Organization was far from being understood.

Following his conversion, he became a Cadet and was appointed to Acton, Ontario. This was in 1884. Between this date and 1885, the Colonial was appointed to seventeen Corps, three as Cadet, two as Lieutenant, and twelve as Captain. In 1885, he married Miss Anna Barker, who were married, Mrs. Turner being an Officer of four years' successful Field experience, her husband Corps previous to their marriage being Ubaldus, Ontario. Anna is a woman of rare qualities, and a tower of strength to her husband, who attributes his success, apart from Divine favour, to the whole-hearted sympathy and practical support she has always given

**Career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner,
Chief Secretary for Canada West:
A Man who "Sees Things Through."**

him in his efforts to bring into effect his cherished ideals relating to his service for God in the Salvation Army.

Following the Colonization of the various provinces, the Colonels increased responsibilities were placed upon him, and he was made District Officer—first at St. Catharines, Ontario. It is interesting to note that Major St. John (then Adjutant) followed him to St. Catharines, and Lieutenant of that station, Private to Ensign followed, and he was appointed to Barrie and District. He was a Provincial Commander of the Central Ontario and Western Ontario Provinces, and, too, a Lieutenant-Colonel. This was followed by his promotion to Staff-Captain, when he was appointed Chancellor to the Pacific Province, the Headquarters at that time (1898) being in Spokane, Washington.

PREPARED FOR RESPONSIBILITY

The Colonel's seven years as a Provincial Officer prepared him for the greater responsibilities which were soon to follow. He was appointed to the command of the Administrative and to do it as a leader. During the four years previous to his appointment as Territorial Secretary, to the then newly-formed Territory of Canada West, he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the command of the Colonel's lot. He was Subscribers' Secretary; then the duties of Property Secretary were added to his responsibilities, after which he was appointed Property and Financial Secretary. The opportunities presented in a wide field of opportunity for acquiring knowledge and experience, of which the Colonel took full advantage. In 1917 he was appointed Chief Secretary, which was followed by an offer, indicated, in August, 1918, by his promotion to full Colonel.



Adjutant and Mrs. Turner—1885

Colonel and Mrs. Turner—1918

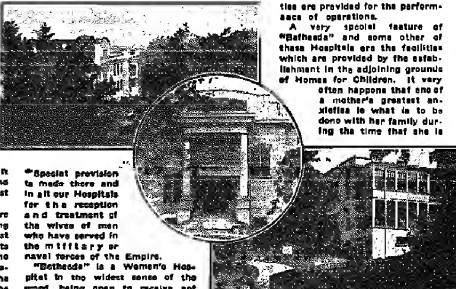
It is also, not only the worry this continual preoccupation but too frequently, natural and normal solicitude leads to a much too early return to active participation in household duties, with consequences that bring lifelong suffering. While the mothers of the world's children can be cared for in these homes, where they are well looked after and very happy, the time comes for them to return with their mother, wife and husband, to their own dwelling.

Prominent among the institutions now established in Canada is the General Hospital, which Winnipeg is so justly proud. Large and important extensions have recently been carried out there.

A recent addition to the facilities recently conducted by Commissioner Richards, the foundation stone was laid of a Women's Hospital, the first of its kind in Canada. It will be the largest of the Army hospitals in the whole of Canada. Windsor (Ont.) and North Sydney are other cities in which it is proposed to be established, that at Windsor will probably be opened before these words are in print.

Another important service in the Women's Hospital established by the Salvation Army in the various cities of the Dominion are invited. They are the General Hospital, The Hospital, Women's Social Work, 20 Albert Street, Tarente, Ont., or, in the case of Canada West, to 200 College Street, Life Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

.. Hospitals for Women :



Views of the front of the Salvation Army Hospital for Women, London, Ontario

"Special provision is made there and in all our Hospitals for the reception and treatment of men who have served in the military or naval forces of the Empire. "Gethsemane" is a Women's Hospital in a wide sense of the word, being open to receive any and every woman except those suffering from an infectious or contagious nature. Special facil-

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Jesus the very thought of Thee, What comfort it gives me! But better far than rest, And in Thy presence rest.



Good Evidence of Progress in China

(1) Peking North Corps, opened in April, 1918. There are now over thirty Corps in operation. (2) Cadets of the second Session of the Officers' Training College in Peking at a lecture. The speaker is Mrs. Adjutant Pennick, the wife of the Principal. In these pictures is proof that

the devotion of men and money to the Salvation of China, in which these Territories have taken a good share, is bearing good fruit. Salvationists and friends who unite in the annual Self-Oriental Week will find in them much cause for gratification.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

O Hopes of every contrite heart!
Joy for all the poor,
To see all the world Thine,
How good to those who seek!

The Save World Army in Northern China :

EARLY one Friday morning Lieutenant Barn and I board the train at the Peking-Hai Chin Man (West) railway station. Station and town difficult to secure a seat in, the Chinese passengers are seated in what inferior to comfort in our Canadian colonist cars. The car is crowded to suffocation, but by dint of a little good-humored bargaining and pushing we manage to clear out for ourselves and baggages, and get settled for the long journey before us.

Lieutenant Barn (who accompanies us as interpreter) is an Amherst, Nova Scotian, single, and a graduate of the Royal Swedish, Norwegian, Chinese, and English with equal fluency. To see the look of amazement on the faces of the Chinese when they hear a foreigner chattering in their language is amusing. It isn't long, therefore, before halan-tan is started between us, and they have our names, addresses, destination, profession, and a host of other questions, all asked in Chinese, and all asked again regarding themselves. What talkers they are, and what a terrific bump of curiosity all they seem to possess like in their interest in anything and everything.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY:

The Chinese Government Railways are traversing the only one in China entirely built and controlled by the Chinese Government, and it is a credit to them. The rock cuttings, bridges, culverts, tunnelling, ballasting, etc., etc., are splendidly constructed and executed. In fact, while sitting in the dining car having a bit of lunch, and viewing the mountain scenery, it was hard to realize I was in China and not on the Canadian Pacific somewhere near Banff. The Chinese Government of this colony, especially its Financial Department representative, is the fact, that being Government owned, it will accept at full value Bank of China notes when we pay our fares. We can buy a note for 100 per cent. of their face value, and, of course, we are able to buy at the money exchangers of that figure.

At 3:30 in the afternoon we arrive at Kalgan, a thriving little town situated on a hill, and the center of a giddy traffic. The Army opened fire here about nine months ago, and while progress is necessarily slow, some good converts have been secured, and one can sense a taste of the spirit of salvation pervading the place. As far as this place is concerned we are on the part of both the officials and the people.

My first business is to inspect the property that had been offered to us, which is a residence to be converted into a schoolroom, hospital, etc. Having somewhat at the nature of a mass meeting, for immediately we step to the left, at anything, and you are surrounded by a crowd of curious, interested, and excited people. We get there, and are soon indulging in a good meal prepared by Captain Gustafson, a Finnish Officer assisting Ensign Drury, we rally forth to the open air.

At night the Hall is packed to the doors and a number who have come to get in when others move out. The Chinese Lieutenant lines out "There is a Kingdom filled with Blood," and after some coaxing and urging we get nearly ready to have a go at the reform. We then come forward to pray, and the Holy Spirit in some way reveals Christ to them. To look at them one would never catch the slightest hint of emotion or feeling, and there was no sound of sobs or groans. The light of conversion and light and heat that we in other lands are apt to picture.

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are Liang, Chang, and Chen. They are all young men,

I address them through the Interpreter, briefly outlining

the fundamental principles of Salvationism, reminding them of the great love of God in them in opening the door of salvation to them, and the love of the church, and of the honour and privilege of becoming Salvationists, and charge them to continue to prove faithful. They each have a word of testimony. All this time people are shouting, cheering, clapping, and jumping up and down, and during what is going to happen next.

AN INTERESTING GATHERING:

At night when we got to the station, about six o'clock, and the cars were still in the station, an important visitor arrived. The station is some distance from the city, and we, therefore, get a Peking cart to convey us and our luggage. A man in a Peking cart is a sight to behold. He is a man of middle age, with a few straggly wisps of grey hair, with a cord attached to heighten the illusus of length; vest with thin dark blue, knee-length lehungs, trousers drawn at the waist, and a wide belt; a small cap; a long coat and younger men and women, the men with closely shaved heads, white lehungs or foreign-looking white cotton coats and pants, the women in neck lehungs and trousers, with a pair of trousers an only, or nothing at all, and the lighter better class with a little white or black cloth cap, and a pair of gauze gloves, almost transparent, attention what a gaudy lot.

I read, and give as interesting a talk as I can, drawing illustrations from their own country and customs, and ready to stop if they do not understand, or understand. We go into the prayer meeting. A few make a move for the door, and instantly others make for their seats. We sing, appeal, and urge, but no one seems to understand, but still they sit, and Lieutenant Barn has to tell them the meeting is over.

We go into the quarters, and I am called again. In a few moments the whole company has grouped itself to the Pantient Form. We knock around and pray and sing, and finally they say they believe, and will come to know more.

Now, at 8:30 we are off for Peking. The Chinese Lieutenant accompanies us for some distance along the line, spending most of the time telling "War Cry" to the passengers, and talking to them about the Christian religion.

Three Days of Travel, Business, Human Interest and Selection Work In a New World Vividly Described by Staff-Captain Ernest Pugmire

bit of breakfast, and then are off for the morning meeting. We have recently purchased a very suitable little pram-hair, and made mandarin revolvers, and the pram-hair is excellent, and makes us more congenial for our Officers, but attracts some of the better class Chinese to the meetings.

The meetings have only two moral people, and this meeting is comfortable. The large tent is brought into regulation; a convert, using a pointer, reads out the character of a song, and those who are regular with him sing it. The Chinese are the most active, and try to get the choir going—first, the children, then the woman, then the mom, and finally the elegants—and before long they almost raise the roof.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MEN:

Some of the converts, usually, each coming right up on the platform without hesitation, and with God and the salvation Army on their side for them. They are intelligent-looking young men, and their faces beam while singing or testifying. The crowd looks on, listening respectfully, and awaiting the next offering, which is usually done by Lieutenant Barn, so as to "keep trying to sing with their mouths closed," and so on. A few move out while I am speaking, but instantly the plain ones take their places.

At 9:30 the Lieutenant conducts the Hai-te's (Children's) Meeting. At first the children seem a little frightened and backward, but the Lieutenant uses his wit and charm to bring them out. He tells them stories of Jesus for them, and so on. We induce two or three of them to come on the platform and sing a chorus, and when we finish they accent thoroughly won over. Not the least impressive are several mothers who have come with their children.

Immediately at the close of this meeting we go to one of the worst quarters in the city, just west of the station, and call on the wickedest sort of people, the men, women, and children who gather around us. One's heart walls with sympathetic feeling and love for these poor, dark, ignorant, hopeless creatures. We tell them our story and prop the Holy Spirit to it in every way possible. We tell them to trust Christ to them. To look at them one would never catch the slightest hint of emotion or feeling, and there was no sound of sobs or groans. The light of conversion and light and heat that we in other lands are apt to picture.

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AN INTERESTING GATHERING:

What an interesting crowd they are—old, wrinkled, yellow-faced men, stooped and bent with evidence of a life of never-ending toil, persistent refusing to die—old, wrinkled, yellow-faced men, the faces of a few straggly wisps of grey hair, with a cord attached to heighten the illusion of length; vest with thin dark blue, knee-length lehungs, trousers drawn at the waist, and a wide belt; a small cap; a long coat and younger men and women, the men with closely shaved heads, white lehungs or foreign-looking white cotton coats and pants, the women in neck lehungs and trousers, with a pair of trousers an only, or nothing at all, and the lighter better class with a little white or black cloth cap, and a pair of gauze gloves, almost transparent, attention what a gaudy lot.

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GOD'S GUIDING HAND ::

OTHER OF THE PRIZE WINNING STORIES WILL BE PRINTED IN LATER ISSUES

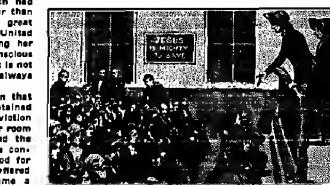
CAPTAIN STELLA HIGGINS was a Canadian girl, the first who became an English speaker in Canada whose sister had been born in the Old Country.

But perhaps it was religious enthusiasm which had more to do with the development of character than nationalistic spirit. Into being at the time a great Methodist Revival was sweeping through the United States and Canada and through this Awakening her parents were drawn into the ranks of the converts to salvation and became members of the Church. It is not therefore surprising that Captain Stella was always conscious of strong convictions.

In her early days she was a member of the Salvation Army, and obtained from Jesus forgiveness of sins; later, it was conviction of inbred sin that condemned her, and in an upper room in an Officers' Mess she sought and received the blessing of Clean Heart. And again she was convicted that she ought to dedicate her life to God for soul-saving as a Salvation Army Officer. She was accepted, and in due time, became a Captain.

COLORED OPPORTUNITIES

Captain Stella was supremely happy; she gloried in the opportunities Officership in the Salvation Army opened up to her—a platform on which to plead the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, a place in the open-air on the streets to tell the Officers and soldiers about their salvation. As a young girl, People were converted in her meetings, and Recruits took place as fighters in her ranks. Remembering vividly her own conversion, she cheered the chattered the new-born souls as a nurse of children.



"A platform on which to plead the cause of the Lord"

Letters were brought to her by a request from him that the Captain should write to him. She hesitated. About that time the Salvation Commander came to the Corps. An interview was sought and the situation was submitted to him. He was good and wise, Captain felt she could trust him.

SEAL SACRIFICE

"Do not write to him for any sake, Captain," he urged. Very reluctantly she promised. It was not sacrifice. She did not tell the young Cadet why she did not write, and she suffered more than anyone knew, but when the young Cadet was convinced it was not God's will for her, then the path had diverged, and other interests absorbed them.

The second time she was tried along the same line, the case was somewhat similar, but with this difference, that her feelings towards him had become more personal. No longer was she frank and unembarrassed in her words, but she was kind, considerate, and courteous, but meanwhile those thoughts troubled her. Fortunately for her, she had always an artless confidence in those older than herself, and in this crisis she turned to her dear friend, an experienced friend of the Army, who at once raised objections.

"My duty," she said, "is not your equal, safety or advice, and do not forget my past, though forgotten. I have lost much, I believe, but I still have the love of the Lord. I believe in His promises. Nevertheless, Stella found it well-nigh impossible to keep his out of her thoughts; his ardent enthusiasm

was still there, and she could not get rid of him. He locked well, and dressed well, and she herself was particular in these matters, being somewhat artistic in temperament. Yet at the same time she knew he was not a good man, and she told herself over and over again, "He will always be a babe in the womb of Satan." Still, she could not get rid of him. She must lean on him.

Once she wrote her little note, and it blotted out, cut out, pasted over and over again, until she had ten tear-marks on the page, because she had seemed to think otherwise. Her heart was captivated by him, and that she could not be a babe in the womb of Satan, but that he was not fit for her. Oh! how she had agonized over him. But . . . Oh! those stinging convictions! How could she accept him? She was an Officer, he but a weak and

effaced man and deep infarct in the Word of God. The Captain's work is many-sided. One of his duties

is to present the claims of the work of the Army—material support, and in doing so he has to meet all kinds of people, and understand their prepossessions and prejudices concerning the Organization, but of introducing spiritual subjects and really settling at the people's souls.

Like all Salvation Army Officers, he is most anxious to serve the Master, and the "spiritual" side, for instance, he was called upon to act as nurse in more than one case. With a family in which there were father and mother and four children, who were ill stricken with the dreaded disease, he spent two weeks end five days without a break.

Racine, the hotelkeeper, was in a certain town, a man who was staying at an inn when he was found to be dead. The hotelkeeper went to fetch the Officers of the local Corps, but they were out of town, attending to some other sick folk, and doing their washing. The hotelkeeper at length found Captain Moll. This Captain Moll was a man in his prime, and died by him who had died, but the Captain did this. He is left to note that though the hotelkeeper was a Jew, he was so anxious about the man's soul, that he not only sought the Army Officers, but pressed a New Testament for his use.

The Story to which has been awarded the First Prize in "The War Cry" Story Competition. If A Good Wife is from the Lord, surely A Good Husband is also.

accorded as well with her own warm protest for the cause of God and glorious to her heart, but at length Marching Orders came to both, for him to go to the Training College, and for her to a new appointment, and

unconscious of course, how she prayed!

God's Word and mercy could help her in temptation like this. He

felt she could not let herself be led away by the

desires of the moment.

She had often repented of having promised and made

an opportunity to see the Divisional Commander be released.

LIVED TO BLESS THE DAY

But God in His goodness had heard her appeal to come to her help. The young man was granted a coming leave instant. Finally an Officer who was a close friend succeeded the Captain there, told her, casually, knowing her secret, that Brother Mitchell was keeping company with a Howard girl.

He hurt her keenly; she could see him

on the train, on which they were traveling.

None but God knew her disappointment, but the Officer suspect it, and she had lived to bless the day that he came to her. The Captain had given her the name of the Corps, and became the confidante of the young man.

Her young companion continued to continue in the right way, and became a godly drunkard.

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Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Blessing abounding where Christ reigns!
The world rejoices in His cause;
And all the sons of men are born.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 6)
preceded by Bob. "General Brown's nomination came upon Bob, and in Captain's address, though simple, was delivered with an authority and sincerity which stirred the company. The men were moved, and it was up to the spirit that Mr. Brown, and although Bob resisted this, he felt powerless to say a word to him regarding his nomination.

Shortly after the beginning of the prayer meeting he rose and informed Mr. Brown that it was his intention to leave. The officers of the company were deeply convicted after some hesitation, volunteered him, and together they left the Hall.

DOES NOT MINCE MATTERS?

For a while nothing发生了. At length Mr. Brown said, "It's strange, but I felt led to go to the Army to-night. And that's mostly what I was there, and that's all I have to say about it." On being asked if Mrs. Brown was with him, he replied, "No, she was speaking to the family here, and the commandment to her son has not been broken. She has been here, and I had stayed longer and anyone had spoken to me, they could have easily persuaded me to surrender. I think that's what they will say."

"I think it is," said Bob very quietly. "You're not yourself to-night, my boy, you'll have to see a doctor. If you won't, then you'll have to go to the Army to-night. That's the greatest one to prescribe, and Her prescriptions seldom fail to effect a cure."

Mrs. Brown received them with a smile on their return, and was most anxious to know what took place at the meeting and how they enjoyed it, but nothing was in a very definite form. On being asked if she knew by her husband that Bob was "under the weather," she promptly went over to the piano and began to play a hymn, and after admiring it to her patient, hustled him off to bed.

Bob slept a restless night, and slept but little. He was too much concerned about any physical indisposition, but an account of the disturbed state of his mind and the anguish of soul from which he was suffering.

MISSING GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY

"Where are all my good intentions?" thought himself. "What had made him do this? One opportunity after another with a man about the state of his soul, a man, who, without doubt, had been powerfully stricken by the Spirit of God."

Mr. Brown pulled out like a knife, and Bob gashed in spirit as he remembered them. "If anyone had spoken to me a salve, they could have easily persuaded me to go to the Army."

Why hadn't he declared himself when he first came to stay with the Browns. It would have been easy then to speak a word in defense.

He continued to toss and turn throughout the night, and rose in the morning more weary than when he retired.

(To be continued)

HIS BIRTHDAY

Jesus' birthday! Do you know it?
Do you feel it in your heart?
Will He be a guide, I wonder,
In your life to come a part?
Jesus' birthday! Let us sing it,
Nor let trifles lead astray!
Let us pay the holy homage
He expects of us this day.

TO ALL SALVATION ARMY FRIENDS

IT is impossible in any one issue of our paper to touch all or even the main activities of the Salvation Army. Our Easter and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more information. It is the desire of the Organization to do the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local corps, or by subscription

Reasonable and Seasonable
A CHRISTMAS COMPETITION FOR "WAR CRY" READERS
AT THE RIGHT TIME

We Want the Benefit of the Memories Stirred by the Associations of Christmasing and Offer Valuable Prizes for the most Useful

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Origin Traced to Remote Times

The history of the Christmas tree is difficult to trace. It has been connected with Yggdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, and Christmas trees and May trees have been called reflexes of that famous Scandinavian Ash. The sacred branches of Yggdrasil, the world tree, or as it was sometimes called, the Tree of Time, brought salvation, the earth, and hell. From it all tribes of nature received nourishment.

According to a Scandinavian legend of remote times the Christmas tree owes its origin to the service tree which sprung from the blood of two lovers who had been foully murdered. During the Christian era, however, lighting that no one could extinguish was a feature of that same tree.

According to the legend, the tree was illuminated by the light of the stars, and the practice of illuminating the Christmas tree may have been traced to this tradition, which no doubt influenced the custom of lighting the Christmas tree.

Another legend connects the tree with the fact that lights were (and still are) a feature of the Jewish feast of the Lights (December 25th). Among the Greeks Christmas is called the Festival of Lights.

From the earliest times Scandinavia was divided into three regions, people the Dales (or Sweden), in the north; the Ostrogoths (or Gothic), in the south. They spoke similar language and were of the same stock. In the fourth century the territory occupied by the Ostrogoths was involved in the Battle of the Black Sea, but this vast area was broken up by the Huns, who had overrun Eastern Europe.

To the disappearance of the Goths may be attributed the spread of Scandinavian customs over the continent and the fact that the Christmas tree is sometimes said to have originated in the Gothic lands.

Sir George Birdwood has traced the history of the Christmas tree to the ancient Egyptian oracles of decking houses at the time of the winter solstice with the branches of the date palm, the symbol of life triumphant over death, and therefore of perennial life in the renewal of each successive year. —The Electricity Digest.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR LONELY FOLKS

Lord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it here instead. Let me be alone, but let me be, but shine through them with forgiveness in the face of the Child Jesus. Put me in loving remembrance of the lowly ledge stones, the poor, the sick, the infirm, the members of the Blessed Mary, the poverty and axle of the Prince of Peace. For His sake, give me a cheerful courage to endure my trials, and a joyful heart to meet them.

Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts. Let no shadow of forgetfulness between me and others, for every place is in the hands of the Child Jesus. O Judge me in to thine likeness, that may not grow unworthy to meet them again. Give me good w^{ch} to do, that I may forget myself, and my sorrows. In the name of Jesus Christ, I am poor, send me to carry some gifts to those who are poorer, even those to those who are lonely, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Send me to those who are sick, to those who are one of His little ones, and light Those my Christmas candle in the pleness of innocent and grateful heart.

—HENRY VAN WYKE

WHAT WE OFFER!

- (1) Three Prizes in each section, of \$5, \$2.50, and \$1.00, respectively.
 - (2) A Bonus of \$5 to be added to that of the amount of the prize awarded to any story if, in addition to its other merits, it has in it as much of real humor as the one can read it without gazing at the same time a dose of the medicine prescribed in Proverbs 17:22.
 - (3) Personal experiences at and around Christmas that have helpful lessons for others.
- It will be seen there is here a very wide scope, but if you have a Christmas story that you do not think comes under any of these headings, send it in, and we will classify it for you. There is no regulation as to the length of a story. The best story may be the shortest; or it may be the longest. Use as many words as are required to tell the story and no more, that is all we want.

DATE OF CLOSING AND CONDITIONS

The Competition will be closed on Monday, March 1st. The stories will be kept for us in next year's Christmas Number, but the results of the Competition will be announced as soon as possible after the closing date.

The Competition is open to every reader of "The War Cry" who is not connected with the Editorial Department.

The Editor's award with regard to the stories will be final, and the use of any or all of those sent in, whether prize-winners or not, will be at his discretion.

—HENRY VAN WYKE

(\$1.00 per annum east of Fort William; \$0.80 per annum west of Fort William) sent direct to the publishers, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

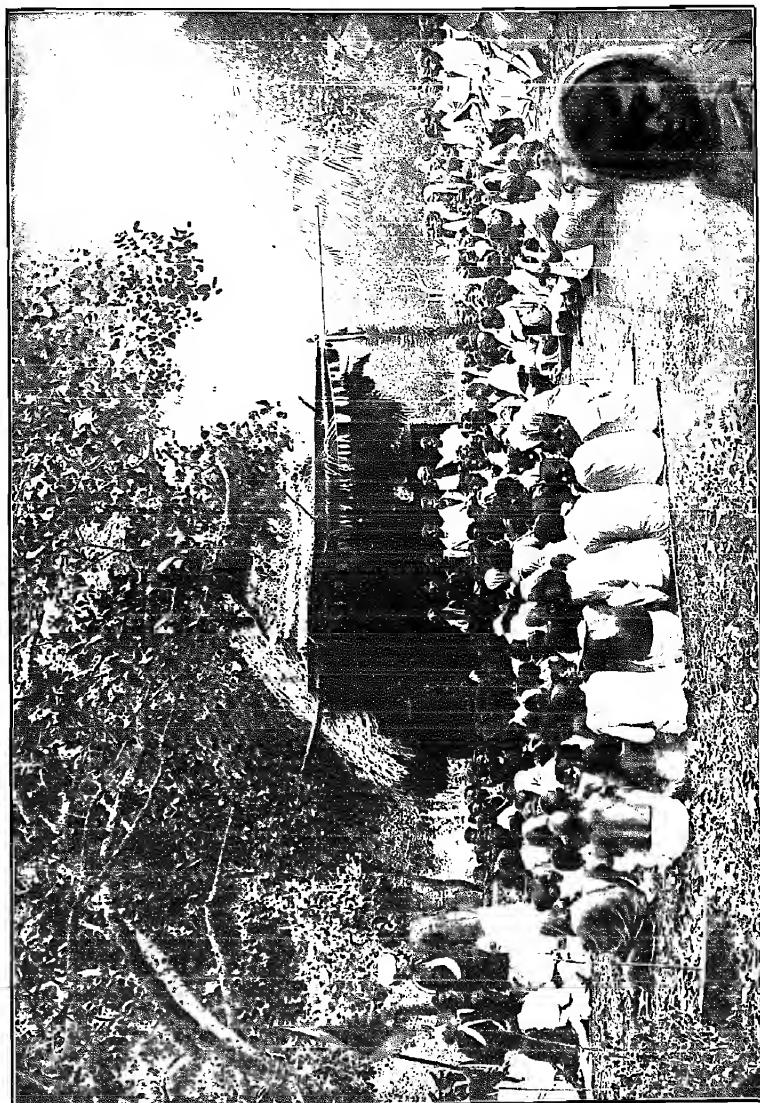
ANY FRIENDS desirous of studying the distinctive principles, and methods of the Salvation Army can obtain books by its Founder, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading officers, such as the Tract Writers, the Tabernacle Preachers, the General Secretary of Winnipig (20 Confederation Life Building), who will be glad to send these upon application.

INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with the Army will gladly be answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto or Winnipeg, and statements of facts concerning buildings, etc., which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

FRIENDS who desire that the work of the Salvation Army shall benefit under their wills will be given any information desired, direct or through their legal advisers.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun does move;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore;
Till all the sons of men are born.



During the past year several Officers from India have passed through Canada, while standing in the shade of the spreading trees, and with the bugle and rifle unfurled, the Army Officers explain the way of salvation.

Heathens Seek the True God



from forest to prairie, there may be found families of the same sturdy, intelligent type as is so well depicted here. And on Christmas Eve, we venture to say, there will be few who will not around fireplace or stove, join in spirit with the shepherds of old in following the Star to the Bethlehem stable.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1919

William Eadie, Commissioner.



A PRESENT-DAY WIDOW'S MITE—See Page 3